

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1813.

[NO 33.

A REVERIE ON THE PASSION OF LOVE. (Concluded from our last.)

I THOUGHT I had but a very confused idea of the person of the goddess herself, for her raiment was so full of light and lustre, that I could scarcely take a steady view of her. I observed, however, that her complexion was rather too glowing, and the motions of her eye too piercing and fiery, for perfect feminine beauty. Her beauty, I thought, was too raised, and had too much glory in it, to be entirely attractive. I was very much astonished to observe, that whoever she glanced her eye upon, immediately fell under the influence of the passion over which she presided. It was a singular sight, to see a whole assembly, one after another, falling into love; and I was much entertained in observing the change it occasioned in the looks of each of them, according to their different temper and constitution: Some appeared wild and piercing, others dejected and melancholy. The features of several glowed with admiration, whilst others looked down with a timid and bashful respect. A trait of affection was plainly to be discerned in all of them, as might well be expected from a passion the very first effect of which is to make one lose the possession of oneself. Several ladies in particular, seemingly careless and gay, were whispering to those who stood next to them and assuming airs of particular vivacity, whilst you might easily see their countenance was chequered with anxiety, lest they should chance not to please those upon whom they had fixed their affections. The greater part of the fair sex, however, I observed, smiled with an ineffable sweetness; nor could any thing appear more lovely than their features, upon which there was imprinted a tender reserve, mingled with modest complacency and desire. I imagined, that after the goddess had thoroughly surveyed the assembly, and they had seated themselves into some degree of composure, she thus addressed them:—

"Ye children of men. Ye abound in the gifts of Providence, and many are the favours heaven has bestowed upon you. The earth teems with bounty, pouring forth the necessities of life, and the refinements of luxury. The sea refreshes you with its breezes, and carries you to distant shores upon its bosom; it links nation to nation in the bonds of mutual advantage, and transfers to every climate the blessings of all. To the sun you are indebted for the splendor of the day, and the grateful return of season; it is he who guides you as you wander through the trackless wilderness of space, lights up the beauties of nature around you, and makes her break forth into fruitfulness and joy. But know that these, though delightful, are not the pleasures of the heart. They will not heal the wounds of fortune, they will not enchant solitude, or suspend the feeling of pain. Know, that I only am mistress of the soul. To me it belongs to impart agony and rapture. Hope and despair, terror and

delight, walk in my train. My power extends over time itself, as well as over all sublunary beings. It can turn ages into moments, and moments into ages. Lament not the dispensations of Providence, amongst which the bestowment of my influence is one. He who feels it may not be happy, but he who is a stranger to it must be miserable."

THE GENEROUS LOVER;

A TALE.

Translated from the French of Boccacio.

"Love is a generous passion,
Which seeks the happiness of her we love,
Beyond the enjoyment of our own desires."

A GENTLEMAN of Boulogne, named Cariscendi, had for several years endured all the anguish of unrequited love, without even a glimmering of hope to illumine the dreary path of despondency. The object of this romantic attachment was the fair Catherine, young, beautiful, and accomplished, but insensible to his passion; for fate had consigned her to the arms of another. In compliance with the commands of her parents, she had consented to become the wife of a man who neither felt nor inspired sentiments of ardent affection. Unable to remain in a place where he was likely every hour to behold her whom honour forbade him to approach, Cariscendi quitted his native country, and visited various parts of Italy: while staying at Modena, intelligence reached him that Catherine was dead. At this afflicting news the grief and passion of Cariscendi burst forth without restraint, and eager to behold the object of affection, even in death, he hastily returned to the place he had so recently left, with the determination of never revisiting it, and repairing to the church in which the remains of his beloved were deposited, bribed the sexton to open the tomb which contained his heart's treasure. Kneeling beside the coffin, he clasped the inanimate corpse in his arms, and bathed its pale face with his tears, and while he pressed his hand to that heart, which he thought had ceased to beat for ever, he felt a slight pulsation, which he at first imagined to be a mere delusion of his senses. Animated by a faint, yet ardent hope, that life was not totally extinct, he used every effort to reanimate his beloved Catherine, who had indeed only fallen into a deep lethargy, resembling death. Convinced of this delightful truth, Cariscendi, without further loss of time, procured a blanket, in which he carefully wrapped the body, and immediately carried it to the house of his mother, which was not far distant; and the good woman having placed the lovely Catherine in a warm bed, dispatched a servant for the nearest surgeon, by whose timely assistance the fair object of their care was restored to perfect animation.

Catherine was too weak to make any reflections on what passed around her, but being

astonished to behold at her bedside a young man who had hitherto kept a most respectful distance, she anxiously demanded an explanation. Cariscendi related every particular, and assured her that she was in the hands of a man of honour. Catherine, penetrated with surprise, and anxiety for her reputation, then said to him, "What you tell me, is possible, Cariscendi; and you have my warmest gratitude for your generous care. But I am young, the world knows of your attachment to me, and calumny respects no one; suffer me then, I intreat you, to return to my own house. Ah! the pleasure of changing the sadness of my family into joy, will surely repay you for your goodness."

"I see your apprehensions, and respect them," returned Cariscendi; "amiable Catherine, fear nothing: the sentiments you have inspired me with, are too pure and tender for me to offer the least insult to a delicacy I revere. As your deliverer from the grave, I demand a recompence; and I will then restore you to your husband, in the presence of all your family." Catherine turned pale. "Cariscendi," she cried, in an agitated voice, "What is it you require?" He took her hand, and pressed it respectfully to his lips: "Hear me," he replied, "and refuse if you can; your health, and peculiar situation, at present render your removal absolutely dangerous. I tremble, lest you should again lose the life I have preserved. Promise then, I beseech you, that you will not quit my mother's house until you have given birth to your infant, and I will immediately remove to the country, till you recall me to restore you to your family."

Whatever desire Catherine felt to return to her family, she could not refuse a request so unassuming and delicate. Cariscendi, faithful to his word, quitted the place, and she soon after brought into the world a lovely infant. Cariscendi, apprized of the event by his mother, immediately returned to Boulogne, and made all necessary preparations for a splendid entertainment. He invited the husband of Catherine, and all her family, and instructed her how she should conduct herself on the occasion. The guests met at table, but Catherine did not appear. When the first course was removed, and the conversation was become general, Cariscendi, raising his voice, said, "I recollect an ancient custom of the Persians, which I would wish to imitate on the present occasion: when any citizen wished to give his friends a proof of his confidence and esteem, he invited them to his house, and, in addition to the repast, presented to them whatever he held most precious in his possession, was it even his wife or daughter. This was a mode of expressing that he concealed nothing from friends he esteemed so highly. You have done me the favour to visit me, and I owe you the same mark of confidence." With these words, he threw open a pair of folding doors, and Catherine appeared, with her infant in her arms. Every guest was filled with admiration, and the longer they

gazed on her the more they were struck with the resemblance to her they supposed dead. Her husband, rising from his seat, approached her, "May I ask," said he, "if you are a native of Boulogne, or a stranger?" Catherine could not speak. "Is this lovely infant yours?" Still no answer. The husband, a little piqued, returned to his seat, "The lady is very beautiful," said he, "but unfortunately she seems dumb." At these words, Cariscendi, addressing him, replied, "The lady is not dumb, but constrained to silence by her promise. Let me answer for her; monsieur, you are not ignorant how long and faithfully I love the wife you have lost. It was in respect to her virtue that I quitted my native country; the report of her death recalled me, I snatched her from a tomb, preserved her, not for myself, but for one who has hitherto set too little value on such a treasure. To you, sir, I now restore her."—"Was ever lover so generous!" exclaimed the astonished and delighted guests, as Cariscendi led his adored Catherine to the arms of her husband. Every one congratulated them, and unanimously extolled the noble conduct of Cariscendi, who preferred the honour and security of a beloved object, to his own gratification.

The interesting Story which follows is communicated by a young lady of a neighbouring state: it will bring forcibly to the memory of the reader Sterne's description of "The Monk" in his Sentimental Journey, and many other passages in the monopoly of English literature.

For the New-York-Weekly Museum.

THE STRANGER MADE WELCOME AND HAPPY.

ON one of the most delightful mornings in July, as my aunt and myself were returning from one of our accustomed rides; we saw a poor old man on a bank by the road side, in whose countenance were the deepest impressions of sorrow; and whose external appearance indicated extreme indigence. So far was he absorb'd in grief that he did not see us pass by. But my aunt, ever benevolent as she is, had not gone many paces before, to my great joy, she stopt; and we alighted and returned to the Stranger. In words gentle and kind I asked him the cause of his present unhappiness, and offered to relieve his distress. On hearing these soothing words, he raised his sorrowful countenance, and replied, Your kind and generous intentions are very grateful to me: it is long since I heard the words of kindness. I thank you most sincerely. Leave me and let me remain here. I have no desire to prolong a life which can only be a burden to myself as well as others. Destitute of friends, and even the common necessities of life, I am fast hastening to my journey's end; suffer me to die in peace. My dear madam, between misfortune and the ingratitude of those with whom I have been connected, my portion of misery in this world has been over abundant. Then, said my aunt, interrupting him, my good old man, do accept of our assistance, let me prevail on you to consider us your friends: you shall indeed find us such; at the same time offering him her hand to assist him to rise. Madam, I am overcome by a variety of sensations: would willingly express my gratitude, but in words I am denied the privilege. We soon arrived home, bringing the stranger

with us; and having given orders for his being well provided for, we sat down to breakfast, which was sweetened by the reflection of having mitigated the misery of a fellow-creature. O! what a pleasing satisfaction, never shall I forget the look of the poor old man; such an expression of gratitude, when my aunt feelingly took him by the hand in order to encourage him. O how little are you to be envied ye great ones. The pleasure of your whole lives is not to be compared with one moment of such exquisite delight. I was ruminating on this pleasing subject, when my aunt entered the parlour with a stranger; whom she introduced as the person who had interested us in the morning. He was so completely changed by an alteration in his dress that I had no idea of its being the same person. He did not appear to be more than forty years of age, with a countenance that once had been extremely handsome. There was a certain dignity in his manners which was at once pleasing and attractive: in his conversation he displayed much taste and judgment. My aunt hinted some curiosity to become acquainted with the circumstances which had reduced him to the state in which we had found him. He told her, that however painful the recollection of past events, he would inform her of the particulars of a life composed of a series of misfortunes and misery. "I am," said he, "descended from one of the first families in the country. I was an only child and the idol of my parents, who, by their unlimited indulgence laid the foundation of my subsequent wretchedness. Nature had bestowed on me a feeling disposition, and a quick sensibility, which education and fashion constantly opposed: my feelings were frequently at war with my practices. At the age of seventeen I was under no kind of controul: the liberality of my mother supplied me with as much money as I desired; therefore it was not to be wondered if I was very assiduously sought after, and my company courted by those who knew the extent of my purse; however, as I was unacquainted with the arts of deceit, I was flattered by the attentions of those who were older than myself.

I visited at the house of a distant relation of mine in the country, whose family consisted of a son and two daughters, between whom were observed the strictest harmony. The girls were lovely and engaging in their manners and conversation, without the least taint of affection. Their brother was one of the most amiable, manly and generous young men I ever met with. In short, they were a happy family; and I found myself particularly attached to the oldest sister of my friend, who was in her twentieth year. Her person was pleasing, but not remarkably handsome: her countenance was the type of modesty and innocence: the goodness of her disposition, which manifested itself in every part of her conduct, formed a most beautiful feature. She had a heart and hands ever ready to administer to the necessities of the needy. In fine, my Augusta, made such an impression on my mind, that I found she was requisite to my happiness. My felicity was inexpressible when I had no longer reason to doubt that I was equally beloved by her. I prevailed with her to name the day which would crown my hopes and bless me with her hand. I went on the wings of love to her dear parents to obtain their consent to our union; when judge my surprize,

when her father started difficulties of which I had not the least idea; which were no less than, he was sure that my father would never give his consent to such a proposal, as he was a wealthy, avaricious and ambitious man, and would not think of uniting his only son to the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune. I thought there might be some reason for what he said, but I promised to obviate every difficulty. I knew that my father, proud and disdainful as he was with others, was ever gentle and kind with me, whatever were my faults.

(To be continued.)

THE BITER BIT.

A WIDOW, who had been induced by the declarations of her husband to believe that she would be well provided for by his legacy, found, after his death, on perusing his will, that he had acted very differently, and excluded her from the property she expected to possess. She made known her disappointment to her female servant, who cheered her spirits by assuring her, that the effect of the will might be avoided, and a new one easily framed. The mistress desired to know by what means. The maid answered, that there was a poor fellow, called *Tom the Barber*, in the neighbourhood, who much resembled her late master; and that for a small sum he would feign himself a dying man. If, therefore, an attorney was provided, and proper witnesses, a will of a date subsequent to the true one might be made, which would consequently supersede in—Tom was sent for immediately, and agreed to play his part. The parties were summoned—the attorney attended, and the supposed expiring husband dictated his last testament to be framed according to the wishes and interest of his imagined wife, for some time; but at length he proposed, that as he had until then complied with her desires, he might leave one legacy according to his own—which was five hundred pounds to *Tom the Barber*; and, to prevent a discovery of the fraud, the lady was obliged to consent to the proposal, and faithfully to pay the money to the proposer, to insure his secrecy.

THE NUPTIALS.

A YOUNG man having long wooed a buxom damsel, at last found a moment so favourable, that he persuaded her to accompany him to a Scottish justice of the peace to have the ceremony, for which almost all are predestinated, performed. They stood very meekly under the operation, until the magistrate was laying the damsel under obligations to obey her husband.—"Say no more about that, sir," said the half made husband, "if this hand remains upon this body, I'll make her obey me!"—"Are we married yet?" said the exasperated maiden, to this ratifier of covenants between man and woman—"No," said the wondering justice—"Ah! very well," cried she, enraptured, "we will finish the remainder to-morrow!" and away skipped the damsel, congratulating herself upon her narrow escape.

DO not brave the opinion of the world. You may as well say, that you care not a fig for the light of the sun, because you can find a candle

Variety.

DIOGENES

One day, going to Egina, was taken by pirates, who brought him to Crete, and exposed him to sale. He did not appear to be in the least disconcerted, nor to feel the least uneasiness on account of his misfortune. Seeing the Xeniaades, corpulent and well dressed, 'I must be sold to that person,' said he, 'for I perceive he needs a master.—Come, child,' said he to Xeniaades, as he was coming up to purchase him, 'come, child, buy a man.'

Being asked what he could do, he said, he had the talent of commanding men. 'Crier,' said he, 'call out in the market, *If any one needs a master, let him come here and purchase me.*' He who was selling him, desired him not to sit. 'What matters it?' said Diogenes; 'people buy fishes in any posture; and it is very surprising that though one will not buy even a pot, without ringing it, to know whether it be good metal; he will buy a man upon simply seeing him.' When the price was fixed, he said to Xeniaades: 'Though I be at present your slave, you must prepare to obey my will; or whether I serve you as a physician or steward, it matters not whether I be a slave, or a free man; my will must be done.'

Xeniaades charged him with the instruction of his children; a task which Diogenes performed with great fidelity.

FALSE NOTIONS.

THE whole human race is perhaps naturally averse to labour; the women in polished countries are particularly so; the softness of their frame, of their education, and the common indulgence they meet with from our sex, teach them to look up to us as to beings not only obliged to supply all their wants, but to minister to all their pleasures, seldom considering how far such a ministration is agreeable to our inclination, and even sometimes insisting on running the giddy round of amusement when conscious that it is out of our power to supply the means of its useless extravagance. But this is not all; in many companies, especially of the politer sort of women, we have heard the inconsiderate assembly, as with one voice, exclaim against the marriages of such as were poor:—'Why,' say they, 'should such people marry? they can only fill the country with beggars!' never considering that if such only were to marry as could afford to bring up their children in idleness, they themselves would want servants to do for them those offices they think so much beneath their dignity, and that the strength of the hive does not consist in the drones that devour it, but in the bees that collect the honey.

ANECDOTE

of the famous Anne Smitter, mother of Lucas de Heere, a Painter.

THIS Lady was a performer in miniature, and so very exquisite in the art, that she executed a landscape, with a windmill, millers, a cart and horse, and passengers; and half a grain of corn would cover the whole composition.

The writer of this has seen a ring on a lady's finger, on which was enamelled a sea-piece, a battle of dragoons on horse-back, and a landscape, all visible to the naked eye, and so distinct, with the assistance of a very moderate magnifier, as to discern the most animated and different passions that could possibly have been expressed on a much larger scale.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

A PUZZLING CAP

FOR RIDDLE-MAKERS AND RIDDLE-ADMIRERS.

[From the "Miseries of Human Life," or "Miseries Miscellaneous," one of which is the "22d Groan" that of]

"Drying up your brains day and night, in striving to hit upon the solution of a riddle."

Tho' descended from Stars
Yet before then I was
And shining amongst them am seen,
I'm a Cobler and King,
I am dumb, yet I sing,
And tho' dirty, yet ever am clean.

I'm blue, green, and white,
(Most miraculous sight!)
Yet farther, I'm black, red, and yellow;
Tho' the Kitchen's my station,
I support navigation,
And all own me a Comical fellow.

E'er my mother was born
I'd three tails and a horn,
I am blind, yet four eyes I possess:
Though in ditches I've been,
Yet I'm food for a queen,
And with splendor shine forth in her dress.

Tho' a giant in size,
Am concealed from all eyes,
I'm a merchant, cook, tailor, and judge:
I am made like a toad,
Often wander abroad,
And yet from my seat never budge.

What is it?

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1813.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

THE only news from Europe this week, is a report from Cadiz that lord Wellington had entered Bayonne.

The northern army being in winter's quarters, we have nothing new from thence.

Accounts from Tennessee state, that on the 18th of Nov. gen. White, with about 1400 men, surprised one of the Hillabee Indian towns, situated on the west side of the Tallepoosa river. In this rencontre 65 Indians were killed and 251 taken prisoners, without the loss of a man either killed or wounded.

The U. S. frigate Congress, capt. Smith, has arrived at Portsmouth, N.H. from a long cruise: during which it is said she has captured only four merchantmen; and has not seen a British vessel of war since she parted company with the President, the 30th of April last.

English ship *Manly*, prize to the American privateer *Revenge*, of Baltimore, arrived at Charleston, S. C. on the 8th instant. She mounts four guns, has a cargo of wine, oil and fish, and was captured on the 26th ult. bound from Halifax to the West Indies.

The ship *Herald*, (late the privateer ship *York* of New-York,) from St. Johns. N. B. bound to Jamaica, has been cast away & totally lost on the easternmost Wolf, about 7 miles from St. Andrews.

The British sloop of war *Tweed*, capt. Mather, is said to have been lost the 5th of Nov. last, on Shoal

Bar, Bay of Bulls, Newfoundland, and that several of her officers and 60 of her crew, were drowned. The ship *Southampton*, of London, was lost the same time.

The sloop *Catharine* from Bath to Boston, with a valuable cargo has been towed into Kennebeck river in a sinking state, with the loss of 5 men perished.

Accounts from different parts of our sea board mention the capture of many coasters by the enemy, who have been a good deal in the habit of ransoming all articles, except provisions; but it is said the captain of the *Plantagenet* observed a day or two past, that they should ransom no more. The organ for St. John's Church in this city, they ransomed for 2000 dollars.

STAMP DUTIES.

The following stamp duties on all promissory notes to be discounted at the bank, and on all bills of exchange, are to be paid after the 31st December 1813.

On any promissory note or bill of exchange not exceeding	\$	Cts.
Above 100 and not exceeding	100	00 5
200	200	00 10
500	500	00 25
1000	1000	00 50
1500	1500	00 75
2000	2000	1 00
3000	3000	1 50
4000	4000	2 00
5000	5000	2 50
6000	6000	3 50
7000	7000	4 00
Above 8000	8000	5 00

After the 31st of December next no promissory note will be discounted at any of the banks unless the note be written on stamped paper.

Nuptials.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. John Williams, Mr. Wm. Robins, to Miss Ann Beadel, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Crawford, Mr. Geo. W. Spellman, to Miss Sarah Chase, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Alex. Gunn, Mr. William Young, to Miss Lavinia Merrit.

At Bloomingdale, Mr. Andrew Hopper, aged 84, to Mrs. Elizabeth Earl.

Obituary.

DIED,

Mr. James Hunt, broker, an old and respectable citizen of this city, aged 56 years.

Major Henry Morgan, (late of the 11th Regiment of New-York State Artillery) in the 35th year of his age.

Mrs. Ann Ludlow, widow of the late Gabriel H. Ludlow, esq. aged 74.

Mr. John Lowe, organ builder, of Philadelphia, aged 53.

Mrs. Elizabeth Twaits, wife of Mr. Twaits, of the New Theatre, aged 27.

Mr. Thomas Browne, boat builder, aged 52.

Mrs. Sarah Bull, wife of Mr. Samuel Bull, aged 70.

At New-Haven, Mrs. Elizabeth Woolsey, wife of Wm. W. Woolsey, esq. aged 42.

On the 10th inst. the coroner was called to view the body of Mathew Easingwood, a native of England, aged 45 years, found dead in his bed at the Tontine Coffee House, Inquest, visitation of God.

Also, on the 11th in the afternoon he was called to view the body of Robert Boston, a native of Scotland, who unfortunately fell from the scaffolding of a new building in Wall-street, of Messrs. Eastburn, Kirk & Co. and immediately expired. Inquest, accidental.

On the 12th in the morning he was called to view the body of Mary Dean, aged 5 years, who was accidentally burnt to death by her clothes having caught fire.

On the 14th in the morning he was called to view the body of David Mitchell, a native of Connecticut, aged 35 years, who died suddenly on the evening before. Inquest, visitation of God.

Also, to view the body of Ann Willis, a native of Connecticut, aged 30 years. Inquest, suicide by taking arsenic.

The city inspector reports the death of 37 persons in this city, ending the week the 11th inst.

Seat of the Muses.

FASHION.

WITH chilling blast see cold December rise,
And blacken'd clouds spread o'er the wintry skies ;
Each *beau* and *belle* prepares to meet the change,
With something new and something that is strange ;
The tailor plies, incessant to produce
Some modern trimming for his fav'rite *goose* ;
The shopman turns his dusty bundles o'er,
For ancient drab that ne'er was worn before ;
His fame is known—his goods are quickly sold,
The fashion's new, altho' the Stock is old.

FASHION, to whom obsequious millions bend,
What power divine,
Does at thy shrine,
Attractive lead at thy impatient nod,

The parent, child,
The matron mild,
The virgin wild ;

Fix'd in each heart a tutelary God :

All ages own thy sway,
Since first the Sire of day,
His beams of radiance to the earth did lend.
Yet ever changing as the seasons roll,
Fickle as wind, yet constant thy controul ;
Transforming all who follow in thy train,
And pleasing still when they're transform'd again.

In elder times, our hoary sires have said,
Well sleek'd before,

The hair they wore,
That reach'd to both their eyes :

And hung behind,

Of twisted kind,

A queue of wond'rous size ;

A hat full wide,

Cock'd at each side,

Adorn'd the polish'd stripling's youthful head :

A waistcoat reaching to the knees,

A coat well made for warmth and ease,

And breeches on the playful boy,

Pleas'd the fond eye of parent joy.

Nor did thou Fashion, then forsake the dame,

Thy fav'rite care,

The blooming fair,

Thy mandates never will refuse :

With crimped ruff,

And silken muff,

And high heel'd shoe,

Raised up to view ;

The Calash * high,

As ken of eye :

And glist'ning gown,

Of high renown,

Shed forth its bright camelion hues : †

Long was the waist.

So then the taste :

While the broad skirt,

Secur'd from dirt,

By an Herculean hoop :

Huge as a net,

That's sometimes set,

For the cetaceous troop.

Thus fond Diana play'd at Fashion's game,

Whilst oft an am'rous youth, by Cupid stung,

Breath'd soft her praise, or loud her beauties sung ;

In silence view'd, for lovers eyes are keen,

Her graceful form and more bewitching mien,

Her gait majestic—and her swelling gown,

The ton of fashion's votaries thro' the town ;

Desperate in love, but in affection true,

Greases his boots and ties his sturdy queue :

His hat triangular he places on,

For many a dame this crooked hat had won,

Then sallies forth to meet the hopeful fair,

Stiff as the *beau* that struts at *Carnhill Square*.

Nor think, fair damsels of this later age,
Who've made your "entrances" on Fashion's stage,

* This antique ornament for the head defies poetical description, its form was quadrangular and sufficiently capacious to afford a complete shelter from the rain; and its refraction of the sun's rays secured the complexion of the female from being晒ed by the heat.

† Lustring.

That future time, in retrospection true,
Will paint your *folly* in less brighter hue :
When wrinkled care has furrow'd Beauty's face,
Spoil'd the fair form and mangled early grace,
The aged matron, whose receding years
Was spent on raiment that the *body* wears,
When youth has fled—in piercing sorrow'll find,
That the best fashion is a CULTUR'D MIND.

Nor you, ye *Sans Culottes*, who boast, thro' town,
"Tis dress that gives a gentleman renown,"
Laugh at the homespun or the strange attires,
That form'd the fashion of your tasteless sires :
The *stockinet* and *chapeau bas* may raise,
The pointed satire of *Appollo's* lays.
Another race may smile as well as you,
At the quaint figures which *their fathers* drew.
The *fopling's* splendor, like a meteor light,
Is only seen, then sinks in endless night.

Be mine the *Fashion* of a noble mind,
Willing to soothe the woes of human kind ;
In Friendship, gen'rous, constant, and sincere :
For *Follies* crimes the philanthropic tear :
Be VIRTUE mine, and PEACE its sure reward—
True to MYSELF—MY COUNTRY—and my GOD.

* Low crowned hat.

[The delicate and beautiful complexion of this little piece, for which we are indebted (whether original or not) to an amiable correspondent, is a tax upon the sensibility of its readers.]

ON THE UNCERTAINTY OF SUBLUNARY PURSUITS.

WHAT is life but an Ocean, precarious as those
That surround this terraqueous ball ?
What is man but a harque, often laden with woes ?
What is death but the harbor of all ?
On our passage, "to-day," may be mild and serene,
And our loftiest canvass be shown,
While "to-morrow" fierce tempests may blacken the
scene,
And our masts by the board may be gone.

On life's rosy morn, with a prosperous breeze,
We all our light sails may display ;
With a cloudless horizon may sweep at our ease,
And of sorrow ne'er feel the salt-spray :
But e'er we have reached our meridian, the gale
From the point of ill-fortune may blow,
And the Sun of our being, all cheerless and pale,
May set in the wild waves of woe.

Experience, (when bound o'er the turbulent waves)
Remembers that ills may arise,
And with sedulous care, ere the danger she braves,
This bark with spare tackle supplies—
So you, on life's ocean, with provident minds,
Have here a spare anchor secur'd,
With which in despite of adversity's winds,
The helpless will one day be moor'd.

Morality.

Communicated for the New-York Weekly Museum.

DEATH.
"All that live must die, passing through Nature to
Eternity."

TRUST me Eliza, that elegance of person,
that beautiful regularity of features, that majestic air, which strikes every beholder with
love and admiration, will avail thee nought
against the cold ravages of death. The gay, the
wise, the humble, the exalted, the beautiful and
deformed, must all moulder into the same na-
tive clay. Thou hast seen the sunrise in all its
splendor; nature freshened at its approach,
and the morning of its reign all smiling with
beauty and perfection. It gained strength as it
acquired its meridian height, and faint as it sunk
beneath the western hills: the glimmering pros-
pect faded on the view, and the day closed in
the dusky shade of night forever. Such is the
emblem of life—man coming into existence,

as the dawn comes from the womb of darkness,
his youth is beautiful as the morning sun all
smiling with innocence and perfection; and
his puberty is as the noon, endued with strength
and vigour, open to new scenes, impregnated
with new desires, animated with hope, and
pleased with enjoyment: but soon the even-
ing approaches, and the transitious scenes
of time are closed in the allotment of eternity.
—Man, though born with faculties to reach
through the depth of time, and powers to flour-
ish through this great chaos of nature, starts
back with horror at the dreadful uncertainty of
futurity: he becomes enamoured of his earthly
habitation, and wishes to dwell in it for ever.
Every art is tried to support his frail and tot-
tering fabrick; yet it must very soon decay
and moulder into *dust*. Yet a little while and
every breast, now warm with hope and busi-
ness, with design, shall sink into the cold and silent
grave, and the eye that is now reading these
lines will be closed in everlasting darkness.

The following pious effusion of a little girl, 11 years
of age, under the signature of A. L. on her mother's
birth-day, has been handed us for insertion.

BLEST third of December; my dearest mother's
birth-day. O may she live to see 37 more happy birth-
days, and may she live to plant in her children's breast
some of those virtues which have so long inhabited
hers. O may she live to bless those children with her
presence, and may my best of mother's live to see her
children grow up like herself happy only in doing good.
These are the wishes of her affectionate daughter
A. L.

Anecdotes.

THOMAS FULLER AND DR. COUSINS.

Mr. Thomas Fuller, a man admired for wit,
but whose great fault was, that he would rather
lose his friend than his jest, having made
some verses upon a scolding wife, Dr. Cousins,
his patron and benefactor, hearing them
repeated, desired Mr. Fuller to oblige him
with a copy of them; to whom he very imprudently, though wittily replied, "Tis needless to give you a copy, Doctor, for you have
the original."

Two sailors were lately observed busily em-
ployed in lifting an *Ass* over the wall of a
pound where he was confined—on asking the
reason, the tars, with true humanity and in
character, made the following reply: "Why
look ye, master, we saw this here animal
ground without victuals, d'ye see, and so my
messmate and I agreed to cut his cable and
give him his liberty, because we have known
before now, what it is to be at short allowance."

A KNOTTY PUN.

Caleb Whitford, of punning notoriety, once
observing a young lady very earnestly at work
knotting fringe for a petticoat, asked her what
she was doing? "Knotting, Sir," replied she.
"Pray Mr. Whitford, can you knot?"—"I
can-not, Madam," answered he.

THE MUSEUM,

published every Saturday, at two dollars per annum
or for fifty-two numbers, by JAMES ORAM, No.
70 John-street, corner of Gold-st. New-York. City
subscribers to pay one half; and country subscribers
the whole, in advance; and it is a positive condition
that all letters and communications come free
postage.